

*Only in the eyes of love you can find
infinity. (Sorin Cerin)*



EXISTENTIALISM

Philosophical poems
SORIN CERIN

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- philosophical poems-

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2017

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Critical appreciations about the poetry of meditation

PhD Professor Al Cistelean within the heading Avant la lettre, under the title Between reflection and attitude, appeared in the magazine Familia nr.11-12 November-December 2015, pag.16-18, Al Cistelean considers about the poetry of meditation, of Sorin Cerin, that:

"From what I see, Sorin Cerin is a kind of volcano textually, in continuously, and maximum eruption, with a writing equally frantic, as and, of convictions. In poetry, relies on gusts reflexive and on the sapiential enthusiasm, cultivating, how says alone in the subtitle of the Non-sense of the Existence, from here the poems "of meditation".

One approach among all risky - not of today, yesterday, but from always - because he tend to mix where not even is, the work of poetry, making a kind of philosophizing versified, and willy-nilly, all kinds of punishments and morality.

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Not anymore is case to remind ourselves of the words said by Maiorescu, to Panait Cerna, about "philosophical poetry," because the poet, them knows, and, he very well, and precisely that wants to face: the risk of to work only in idea, and, of to subordinate the imaginative, to the conceptual.

Truth be told, it's not for Sorin Cerin, no danger in this sense, for he is in fact a passional, and never reach the serenity and tranquility Apolline of the thought, on the contrary, recites with pathos rather from within a trauma which he tries to a exorcise, and to sublimates, into radical than from inside any peace of thought or a reflexive harmonies.

Even what sounds like an idea nude, transcribed often aphoristic, is actually a burst of attitude, a transcript of emotion - not with coldness, but rather with heat (was also remarked, moreover, manner more prophetic of the enunciations).

But, how the method, of, the taking off, lyrical, consists in a kind of elevation of everything that comes, up to the dignity of articulating their reflexive (from where the listing, any references to immediately, whether biographical or more than that), the poems by Cerin, undertake steep in the equations big existential and definitive, and they not lose time in, domestic confessions.

They attack the Principle of reality, not its accidents. Thus, everything is raised to a dignity

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problematic, if no and of other nature, and prepared for a processing, densified.

Risks of the formula, arise fatal, and here, because is seen immediately the mechanism of to promote the reality to dignity of the lyrism.

One of the mechanisms comes from expressionist heritage (without that Sorin Cerin to have something else in common with the expressionists), of the capitalized letter, through which establishes suddenly and unpredictably, or humility radicalized , or panic in front of majesty of the word.

Usually the uppercase, baptizes the stratum "conceptual" (even if some concepts are metaphors), signaling the problematic alert.

It is true, Sorin Cerin makes excess and wastage, of the uppercase, such that, from a while, they do not more create, any panic, no godliness, because abundance them calms effects of this kind, and spoil them into a sort of grandiloquence.

The other mechanism of the elevation in dignity rely on a certain - perhaps assumed, perhaps premeditated - pretentious discourse, on a thickening lexical, and on a deep and serious declamation.

It is insinuated - of lest, even establishes - and here is an obvious procedure of imaginative recipe, redundant over tolerant.

How is and normal - even inevitable - in a lyrical of reflection what wants to coagulate around certain cores

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conceptual, the modality immediate of awareness of these nodes conceptual, consists in materializing the abstractions, making them sensual is just their way of to do epiphany lyrical.

But at, Sorin Cerin, imaginative mechanics is based on a simple use of the genitive, which materialize the abstractions, (from where endless pictures like "the thorns of the Truth," "chimney sweeps of the Fulfillments," " the brushes of Deceptions" etc. etc.), under, which most often is a button of personification.

On the scale of decantation in metaphors we stand, thus, only on the first steps, what produces simultaneously, an effect of candor imaginative (or discursive), but and one of uniformity.

Probable but that this confidence in the primary processes is due to the stake on decanting of the thought, stake which let, in subsidiary, the imaginative action (and on the one symbolized more so) as such.

But not how many or what ideas roam, through Sorin Cerin's poems are, however the most relevant, thing (the idea, generally, but and in this particular case, has a degree of indifference, to lyricism).

On the contrary, in way somewhat paradoxically, decisive, not only defining, it's the attitude in which they gather, the affect in which coagulates.

Beneath the appearance of a speech projected on "thought", Sorin Cerin promotes, in fact, an lyricism (about

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put to dry) of, emotions existential (not of intimate emotions).

The reflexivity of the poems is not, from this perspective, than a kind of penitential attitude, an expression of hierarchies, of violent emotions.

Passionate layer is, in reality, the one that shake, and he sees himself in almost all its components, from the ones of blaming, to the ones of piety, or tenderness sublimated (or, on the contrary, becoming sentimentalist again).

The poet is, in substance, an exasperated of state of the world and the human condition and starting from here, makes exercises with sarcasm (cruel, at least, as, gush), on account of "consumer society" or on that of the vanity of "Illusions of the Existence".

It's a fever of a figures of style that contains a curse, which gives impetus to the lyrics, but which especially highlights discursive, the exasperation in front of this general degradation.

So general, that she comprised and transcendental, for Sorin Cerin is more than irritated by the instrumentalization of the God (and, of the faith) in the world today.

Irritation in front of corruption the sacred, reaches climax, in lyrics of maximum, nerve blasphemous ("Wickedness of Devil is called Evil, / while of the God, Good. ", but and others, no less provocative and" infamous " at the address the Godhead); but this does not happen,

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than because of the intensity and purity of his own faith (Stefan Borbely highlighted the energy of fervor from the poetry of Cerin), from a kind of devotional absolutism.

For that not the lyrics, of challenge and blame, do, actually Cerin, on the contrary: lyrics of devotion desperate and passionate, through which him seeks "on Our True God / so different from the one of cathedrals of knee scratched / at the cold walls and inert of the greed of the Illusion of Life".

It is the devotional fever from on, the reverse, of imprecations and sarcasm, but precisely she is the one that contaminates all the poems.

From a layer of ideals, squashed, comes out, with verve passionate, the attitudes, of Cerin, attitudes eruptive, no matter how, they would be encoded in a lyrical of reflections. "

PhD Professor Elvira Sorohan - An existentialist poet of the 21st Century

To fully understand the literary chronicle written by Elvira Sorohan in Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", which refers to an article written by Magda Cârneci regarding Trans-poetry, and published in România literară, "Romania literary", where specified what namely is poetry genuine, brilliant, the great poetry, on which a envies the poets of the last century, Elvira Sorohan, specifies in the chronicle dedicated to the poetry of Cerin, from, Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", number 9 (237), pages 25-28, 2015 under the title An existentialist poet of the 21st century, that:

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Without understanding what is "trans-poetry", which probably is not more poetry, invoking a term coined by Magda Cârneci, I more read, however, poetry today and now I'm trying to say something about one certain.

Dissatisfied of "insufficiency of contemporary poetry" in the same article from in România literară, "Literary Romania", reasonably poetess accuses in block, how, that what "delivers" now the creators of poetry, are not than notations of "little feeling", "small despairs" and "small thinking. "

Paraphrasing it on Maiorescu, harsh critical of the diminutives cultivated by Alecsandri, you can not say than that poetry resulting from such notation is also low (to the cube, if enumeration stops at three).

The cause identified by Magda Cârneci, would be the lack of inspiration, that tension psychical, specific the men of art, an experience spontaneous, what gives birth, uncontrollably, at creation.

It is moment inspiring, in the case of poetry, charged of impulses affective, impossible to defeated rationally, an impulse on that it you have or do not it have, and, of, which is responsible the vocation.

Simple, this is the problem, you have vocation, you have inspiration.

I have not really an opinion formed about poetry of Magda Cârneci, and I can not know, how often inspiration visits her, but if this state is a grace, longer the case to look for recipes for to a induces ?

And yet, in the name of the guild, preoccupation the poetess, for the desired state, focuses interrogative: "... the capital question that arises is the following: how do we to have access more often, more controlled and not just by accident, to those states intense, at the despised

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<inspiration>, at those levels, others of ours, for which the poetry has always been a witness (sic!) privileged ".

We do not know whom belongs the contempt, but we know that the inspiration is of the poet born, not made.

The latter not being than a craftsman and an artist.

I have in front three volumes of lyrics of the poet, less known and not devoid of inspiration, Sorin Cerin, ordered in a logical decrescendo, understandable, Non - sense of the Existence, the Great silences, Death, all appeared in 2015, at the Publishing Paco, from Bucharest.

After the titular ideas, immediately is striking, and poetic vocabulary of the first poem, and you're greeted with the phrase "Illusion of Life" that spelled with capital letters.

It is, in substance, an expression inherited from vocabulary consecrated of the existentialist, enough to suspect what brand will have the poems.

Move forward with reading, being curious to see you how the poet remains on same chord of background, and how deep, how seriously lives in this idea, not at all new.

And it is not new for that the roots of the existentialism, reformulated modern, draw their sap from the skepticism of biblical, melancholic Ecclesiastes, discouraged, in the tragic consciousness of finitude as destiny.

It is the King biblical, an, existentialist *avant la lettre*.

He discovers that " weather is to you be born, and a time is to die", otherwise "all is hunting of wind".

What else can be said new in our time, even in personal formula, when the existentialism has been intensively supported philosophically, in centuries XIX, and, XX, from Kierkegaard and up to Sartre, with specific nuances.

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A poem in the terms, of the existentialism status, more can interested the being of the our days, slave of the visual image and the Internet, only through adaptations or additions updated, complementary the central idea, and not finally, by the power of the return over of the self.

It is about what you are trying to achieve the poet Sorin Cerin, leaving us, from the beginning, the impression that he lives the miracle creative, the inspiration.

Wanting to guide the reader to search for a specific kind of poetry cultivated in these volumes (with one and the same cover), author subtitled them, *ne varietur* "Poems of meditation", as and are at the level of ideas.

But how deep and how personal, is the meditation, you can not say than at the end of reading, when you synthesize what namely aspects of ontology and from what perspective, intellectual and emotional, them develop the poet.

Certainly, the existentialist poetry vocabulary universal, recognizable, is now redistributed in an another topic, what leads to combinations surprising of new, some daring, or terribly tough, such as those concerning the church.

Reading only one of the three volumes is like as you them read on all, are singing on same chord with minimal renewal from, a poem to another.

The poet closes in a unitary conceptual sphere, from here the specific rhetoric.

Wherever you open one of the volumes, you are in the center of the universe poetic of the same ideas, the same attitude of skepticism outraged.

At the level of language, the same vocabulary, well-tuned with the conceptual sphere, is recombined in new and new phrases with updates related to today's environment,

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and even immediately of the Being, thrown into the world to atone for the "Original Sin".

It is known, because sages said, "Eva's son does not live in a world devoid of wails".

The ambition to build a personal meditation, impossible to achieve at the level of poetic vocabulary, already tired, is compensated by the art of combination of the words, without being able to avoid redundant frequency of some phrases.

The most frequent, sometimes deliberately placed and twice in the same poem is "Illusion of Life".

Dozens of others keywords, complementary, surprises by ostentatious use, to emphasize the idea of "Non-sense of Existence".

Are preferred, series of words written with uppercase: "Moment," "Immortality," "Illusion," "Absurd," "Silence," "Death," "Eternity", "Absolute Truth", "Dream", "Free Will", "Original Sin", "Love", "Loneliness", "Alienation", "God" and many others.

The phrase brings here and now, living problematized of the existence is "Consumer Society".

Is released from poetry a frenzy of duplication of word, what supports the idea.

Often this exuberant energy of rearrangement of words, covers what you looking for in poems composed on one and the same theme, namely, living intense affective of feeling of "illusion of life" inside, not outside.

Here, we more mention of manner to distinguish the expressive words spelled with a capital letter.

Rain of uppercase tends to flood few basic meanings of the poems.

And more there's a particularity, the punctuation.

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After each verse, finished or not as, understood, grammatical or not, it put a comma; the point is put preferably only after the last verse.

Otherwise than biblical Ecclesiastes, our poet, more revolted, than melancholic, do hierarchies of vanities pretty little ordered that you to can follow clear ideas.

The significances is agglomerating, in one and the same poem, like *Hierarchy of the Vanity*.

But it's not the only one.

Of blame can be contemporary reality which provokes on multiple planes, poet's sensibility.

The word "the vanity" is engaged in a combination serious, sharp, put to accompany even the phenomenon of birth of the world, for to suggest, finally, by joins culinary very original, willfully, vulgar, disgust, "nausea", í la Sartre, left behind by the consciousness of the absurd of existence.

I sent at the poem, Industry Meat Existential: "Plow of the Vanity dig deep, / in the dust of the Existence, / wanting to sow the genes of the Illusion of Life, / for to be born the World, / after a prolonged gestation, / in womb without limits, of the Lie, / that rests on Truth for to exist, / ... ravens blacks of the thoughts, / by developing, / A true Industry of the Meat Existential, / beginning, / from steaks of, dreams on the barbecue of the Absurd, / up to, / sausage of highest quality of the Hopelessness. "

What you find in this poem: paradox, nonsense, nihilism, disillusionment, dreams made ashes, all this and more will multiply, kaleidoscopic recombine in all creation contained in these volumes.

If, the notions and synthetic concepts contained in words maintains their meaning constant, the fate of the "word" is not the same, seems to go toward exhaustion, as and the force of renewal of poetry.

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Have and the words their fate, apart from poetry, as the poet says.

At first, paradoxically, "Autumn sentimental" is forsaken by the "harvests passionate of words" frantically collected, by the temper ignited of the poet in love only of certain words, those from existentialist semantics.

Sometimes, "Flocks, of words, / furrow the sky of Memories".

In registry changed, the word is tormented as a tool of media, violent, rightly incriminated of poet: "Words lacustrine / cry in pots of Martyrs, / put at the windows of brothels of Newspapers ...".

Is deplored the fate of the words employed unusual, grotesque: "At butchery of Words, / in the street corner of the Destiny / are sold bones of phrases rotten, / legs of meanings for fried ...".

And with this fragment I have illustrated the originality resentful word combinations, which give free course the ideas, a poetic attitude provoked by the revolt against the nonsense of existence.

Ultimately is metaphorise "the winter of the Words, / which snows over our Days ..." and is deplored their fate, the falling "in the Mud, of some Words, / obscene and full of invective", and finally, their death: "Cemeteries of words are strung in the souls, / what they will and hopes at Resurrection ...".

Here the words came back to poetry.

But, the word is only the tool what not is only of the poet's, only of his, is the problem of background of existence illusory, perceived as such, in the existentialism terms from the early 21st century .

This is the core, the leitmotif of dozens of poems signed by Sorin Cerin, distributed studied, I suppose

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symbolic numerological, in each volume 77 each, neither more or less.

From the seed of this idea generously sown, rises for the poet tired of so much, kneaded thinking: "Herbs of questions what float lazily over the eyelids / of the Sunset, / what barely can keep ajar, / in the horizon of some Answers, / what appear to be migrated toward the cold distances of the Forgetfulness. "

The note meditative of these lyrics is not entirely discouraging.

The poet is neither depressed nor anxious, because he has a tonic temperament.

He always goes from the beginning with undefeated statements the will, to understand, without accepting, as, thus, may to return toward the knowledge of self.

In poetic images rare, is outlined a kind of summary of poetic discourse, focused in the poetry The Hierarchy of the Vanity, ended in contemporaneity terms of the absurd.

It's a way to renew what was more said, that "we eat absurd on bread."

The plural indicates in poet an exponent in the name of man in general, "the granite" signifying the mystery impenetrable, of which is now facing "cane thoughtfully" "climbed up on the rocks of Life / we want to understand the granite as it is, / a reed conscious of self.

|| Demolish the pillars of Nature of the Illusion of Life, / trying to put in their place, / A Dream far stranger of ourselves. || ruined the Weakness , / ... becoming our own wrecks, / what wander to nowhere. || ...

Would be the eyes of Consumer Society made only to/ watch the Hierarchy of the Vanities?

Love that would deserve a comment of the nuances at which send the poetic images, is in the Dream and reality, an: " icon attached to the walls of the cold and

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insensitive, / of a cathedral of licentiousness, as is the Consumer Society, / which us consumes the lives / for a Sens what we will not him know, never. "

Beyond the game of words, is noted, the noun seriously, what cancels altogether the sacredness of the cathedral.

It's a transfer of meanings produced by the permanent revolt poured out upon the type of society we live in.

Our life, the poet laments in the Feline Existential: "is sells expensive at the counter of the Destiny / for to flavor the Debauchery, / subscriber with card of pleasures, all right / at the Consumer Society." / ... "Empty promises / and have lost keys of the Fulfillment / and now make, Moral to the cartel of Laws / alongside the prostitutes politicians, of the moment ".

Violent language, as poetic arrows thrown and against terrible degradation of politics, gives free course to the ideas, a type nihilistic rebellion, raised to the rank of principle.

Absolutely current target is even more evident when, in the poem, the Game of the Life with Death,, is criminalized in much the same terms, "Consumer Society Famine garden, / as, great athletes, of cutting of incomes / hysterical and false, scales of the Policy, / us skimp sparingly each, Moment ... ".

Changing the subject, vocable "moment" in relation to "eternity", updates a note from the arsenal of specific words from the language of the great existentialist thinker who was the mystic Kierkegaard.

After how attitudes clearly atheist, when it comes to God and the church, in the poems of Cerin , update hardness of language, with particularities of existentialism of Sartre, while Mathematics of the existence and many

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other poem, us bring back into the cultural memory the image of that "monde cassé" perceived critical by the frenchman Gabriel Marcel.

Perhaps the most dense in complementary concepts the "existence", between the first poems of the first volume, is Lewdness.

Are attempts to give definitions, to put things in relationship through inversion with sense, again very serious accusatory, like the one with address at "monastery".

Sure, unhappiness of the being that writes such poetry, comes not only from the consciousness of the fall of man in the world under the divine curse, but and from what would be a consequence, rejection, up to the blasphemy of the need for God.

The interrogation, from the poetry, Lewdness, which, seems that leaves to the reader the freedom of to give particular answers, it's a trick of the poet aware of what affirms, at masked mode: "The existence is a ghost caught between two dreams, Space and / Time./ Peace will always be indebted to the War with her own / weapons, Vanity of Democracy and Dictatorship ./ Which Lewdness has not its monastery and which murder /her democracy?"

The poem continues with a new definition of "Existence" as a "gamble", accompanied by "Hope", never left at the mercy of "free will", which would give to man the freedom to change anything. It remains only the freedom of the being to judge her own existence, eternal fenced to can overcome the absurd.

Nature demonstrative of the poet him condemns, extroversion, at excesses, that, scatters, too generous what has gathered hardly from the library of his own life and of books.

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Paradoxically, the same temperament is the source of power to live authentic feeling of alienation and accentuated loneliness, until to feel his soul as a "house in ruins", from which, gone, the being, fallen into "Nothingness", more has chance, of to be, doomed "Eternity".

Remain many other comments of made at few words the poet's favorite, written with upper case.

But, about, "Love", "God", "Church," "Absurd", "Moment and Eternity", "Silence" and "Death" maybe another time.

Would deserve, because this poet is not lacked of inspiration so coveted by others, as wrote poet Magda Cârneci, but he must beware of the danger of remaining an *artifex*, and yet not to step too pressed the footsteps from Bacovia or Emil Botta, toward of not them disfigure through excess.

Ana Blandiana: "The poetry of meditation on which a writes Sorin Cerin is not a versification of philosophical truths, but a interweaving of revelations, about these truths. And the ratio of intensity of these revelations and doubt from which are constructed the truths is precisely the philosopher's stone of this poetry. Moreover, secrecy of being able to fasten the lightning of the revelation is a problem as subtle as that of keeping solar energy from warm days into the ones cold. "

PhD Professor Theodor Codreanu: "Sorin Cerin is a paradoxist aphoristic thinker, of, a great mobility of the mind, who controls masterfully the antitheses, joining them oxymoronically, or alternating them chiasmatic, in issues with major stakes from our spiritual and social life. Poetry from, the Free Will, is an extension of his manner of

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meditation, imbuing it with a suitable dose of kynism (within the meaning given to the word by Peter Sloterdijk), succeeding, simultaneously the performance, of to remain in the authentic lyricism even when blames "Ravens vulgar, necrophiliacs and necrophagous, of the Dreams".

PhD Professor Ioan Holban : "About the expressiveness and richness of meanings transmitted to the Other, by silence, Lucian Blaga wrote anthological pages. The poet of today writes, in Great Silences, a poetry of religious sentiment, not of pulpit, but, in thought with God, in meditation and in the streak of lightning of thought toward the moment of Creation. Sorin Cerin's poetry is of an other Cain wandering in the wilderness, keeping still fragments from the joy of Eden, to exit from "Vise" of the world, where, at the fallen man, collapses the horizon of soul, in the rains of fire and traces of lead. "

PhD Professor Maria Ana Tupan : "The lyrical meditations of Sorin Cerin have something from the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy of the uprising from Emil Cioran's philosophical essays. The notification of tragicalness and grotesque of the existence, does not lead to psychical paralysis, but to nihilism exorcised and blasphemous. Quarrel with "adulterine God" - appellation shocking, but very expressive for the idea, of, original sin of ... God who must be conceived the evil world through adultery with Satan - receives, accents sarcastic in vignettes of a Bibles desacralized, with a Creator who works to firmament at a table of blacksmith, and a Devil in whom were melded all rebels hippy-rap-punk-porto-Rican:

[...] Stars alcoholic, of a universe, greedy, paltry and cynical, drinking by God at the table of Creation,

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on the lachrymose heavens of Happiness, scrawled,
with graffiti by Devil,

If the poet has set in the poem, To a barbecue. an exercise of Urmuz, success is perfect. Not only, ingenious jumps deadly for the logic of identity from one ontological level to another, we admire here, but and tropism, of, a baroque inventiveness of an Eucharist inside out, because in a universe of the life toward death, the one that is broken is the spirit, the word, to reveal a flesh ... Deleuze, animal, described as the meticulous anatomical map of a medical student. The poet us surprise by novelty and revelation of the definition aphoristic, because after the first moment of surprise, we accept the moralizing scenery of the time, with a past, dead, a future alive, and a present, illusory, contrary to common sentiment, that the lived life is our ego certainly, that only the present really exists, and that the future is a pure hypothesis. Cerin, redefines the human being as, finding the authenticity in multiplication mental of ternal reality and as existentialist project ".

PhD Professor Mircea Muthu: "The desperation to find a Sens to the contemporary existence fill the poetic testimony of Sorin Cerin, in which the twilight of language, associated with "broken hourglass" of time, is, felt - with acuity tragic - of, "our words tortured."

"Meditation, turned towards self itself, of "the mirrors of the question" or of "the eyes" fabulous, of the Ocean endlessly, is macerated at the same temperature febrile, of voltaic arc, enunciated - in short - of the phrase "rains of fire".

PhD Professor Cornel Ungureanu : "Sorin Cerin proposes a poetic speech about how to pass " beyond ", a

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reflection and a meditation that always needs capital letters. With capital letters, words can bear the accents pressed of the author who walks. with so much energy on the realms, beautiful crossed by those endowed with the grace of the priesthood. Sorin Cerin ritualization times of the poetic deconstruction, if is to we understand properly the unfolding of the lyrics under the flag of the title. "

PhD Professor Ion Vlad : "Sorin Cerin has defined his poems from the book " The Great Silences ", " poems of meditation ". Undoubtedly, reflexivity is the dominant of his creation, chaired by interrogations, riots, unrest and dramatic research of SILENCE, topos of the doubts, of the audacity, and, of the adventure of the spirit, in the permanent search of the truth, and his poetry follows to an axiology of an intense dramatic. Is the lyric of the lucidity, meditation and of genuine lyricism ".

Ph.D. Lecturer Laura Lazăr Zăvăleanu:

"Intellectual formed at the school Bucharest, but sensing the need to claim it admiringly, from the critical model, of the school Cluj, where he identify his exemplary models in the teachers, Ion Vlad and Mircea Muthu, Sorin Cerin builds and the poetry intertextual, because the poet of the Great Silences, declares all over, his experts, identified here, intrinsically, with Blaga (through philosophical reflection and prosodic structure, sometimes deliberately modeled after Poems of light) and Arghezi. The very title of the volume, the Great Silences, impose the imperative, of an implicit dialogue with the poetry of Arghezi bearing the same title. At the searches feverish from the Psalms of Arghezi, of a God called to appear, answer them here the interpellations indefatigably of an apostate, believer, that is torn in the wilderness of the thought and of image broken

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mirrored by the world declared, between love denouncer, and affectionate revolt, between curse incantatory and disguised prayer, of eternally in love, without being able, to decline, in reality, fervor, although the word has experimented, aesthetic, the whole lexicon, blasphemously and apocalyptic. A duplicity of salvation, in fact, that - shouting the drama of alienation and of introspection missed, as and the impotence of the meeting with the other, or fear of overlapping with him, in a world whose meaning is wandered into "darkness of the camps of ideas", at the interference of a time and of a space reached 'at the end of border' - gives birth, in the litany, *`a rebours*, the signs of creation redeemed, in full feast cynical, "on the table of potter of love".

PhD Professor Călin Teuțișan: "Poetry of Sorin Cerin declaim a fatal nostalgia of the Sense. Thinking poetic trying his recovery, from disparate fragments, brought back together by labor lyrical, imagining a possible map reconstituted, even fragmentary, of the world, but especially of the being. Using of metaphors, neo-visionary, is context of reference of these poems, crossed, from time to time, of parables of the real, "read" in the key symbolic, but and ironical. Cynicism is entirely absent in the lyrics of Sorin Cerin. This means that the lyrical personage, what speaks in this pages, namely, consciousness lyrical, put an ethics pressure over reality, thus forcing her to assume own forgotten truths. "

PhD Professor Cornel Moraru: "Prophet of existential nothingness, the poet is part of category of the moralists, summing up in a fleeting manner, precepts aphoristic, and rough projections from a ecstatic vision of the end of the world. His meditations develops a furious

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rhetoric on theme "nonsense of Existence", although expressing more doubts than certainties, and questions than answers. The intensity of involvement in this endeavor lyrical, touches, at a time, odds extremes: from jubilation to sarcasm, and from indignation again at ecstasy ... "

PhD Professor Ovidiu Moceanu: "Through the cemeteries of the dreams, volume signed by Sorin Cerin, poetry of the great existential questions seeks a new status, by building in texts which communicate underground, an image of man interrogative. "Cathedral of the existence" has her pitfalls, "Absolute truth" seems unattainable, "White Lilies of the truth" can kill, "if not ventilates pantry of mind," the poetic ego discovers rather a "God too bitter" ... All these are expressions of a state of great inner tension, in which the lucidity has wounded the revelation, and has limited the full living of the meaning of existence. "

PhD Professor Dumitru Chioaru: "Speech prophetic, philosophical or poetic? - It's hard to determine in which fits texts of Sorin Cerin . The author, them incorporates on all three into a personal formula, seemingly antiquated, aesthetic, but, speaking with breath of, *poeta vates*, last words before Apocalypse. An apocalypse in which the world desacralized and dominated by false values, ends in order to can regenerate through Word ".

PhD Professor Ștefan Borbély: "Spirit deeply and sincerely religious, Sorin Cerin desperate search for the diamond hidden in the darkness of the rubble, of the ashes. A whole arsenal of the modernity negative - cups of the wilderness, water of the forgetfulness, slaughterhouses, the feast continuous of suffering, monkey of rotten wood, etc., etc. - is called to denounce in his lyrics, "lethal weapons of

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the consumer society" and "the madhouse" of the alienation by merchantability of our everyday existence. The tone is apodictically, passionate, prophetic, does not admit shades or replicas. "The new steps of faith" are enunciated peremptorily as hope of the salvation collective, "divine light" it shimmers in, deliverer, at end, still distant of the torture, but on the moment, the poet seems to be preoccupied exclusively rhetoric eschatological, glimpsing decadence, resignation moral or ruins almost everywhere where it can to walk or look "

Gheorghe Andrei Neagu: "Defining for, this writer seems to be rightfully, the doubt, as the cornerstone of his poems (Mistake pg.73). I congratulate the author, for his stylistic boldness from " From the eyes of the divine light, page 81, as well as from the other sins, nestled in his creator bosom. I think Romanian literature has in Sorin Cerin a writer 3rd millennium that must be addressed with more insistence by criticism of speciality"

Marian Odangiu: "Lyrical poetry of Sorin Cerin is one, of, the essential questions: the relationship of the Being with the Divinity, in a world of increasingly more distorted by point of view of value, -and distortionary the same time!-, disappearance of some fundamental benchmarks - attracting after themselves of interrogations overwhelming, and infinite anxieties - absence all more disturbing of some Truths, which to pave the way to Salvation, deep doubts demotivating on the Meaning of Life, absurd raised at the rank of existential reason, feeds the fear and anxieties of the poet. Such, his lyrics develop a veritable rhetoric of despair, in which, like an insect hallucinated of Light, the author launching unanswered questions, seeking confirmations where these entered from

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far in dissolution, sailing pained, but lucid, through images and metaphors elevated and convincing poignancy, builds apocalyptic scenarios about Life, Love and Death ... "

Eugen Evu: "... Books seem to be objects of worship - culture - own testament of a ceremonial ... of, the neo-knowledge, Socratic-Platonic under sign, " the General Governing of the Genesis " for instance. What is worth considered is also, the transparent imperative of the author to communicate in native language, Romanian. The loneliness attributed the Sacred, is however of the human being, in her hypostasis reductive, of the human condition How Vineu wrote the poet sees his ideas, or the mirroring in the ' room with mirrors ' of the universal library. A destiny, of course, personal, largely assumed, nota bene. In the volume, the Political, at the extreme of H. R. Patapievici poet is well cognizant of the problem Eliade, of the "fall of the human in politikon zoon"... Between rationalism and irrationalism, Sorin Cerin sailing on the Interconnection Ocean. "

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1. Transcendence of the Eternity

Lost,
in the Transcendence of the Eternity,
I wrote with letters of stars,
my Destiny,
on the list of Births,
from this World,
of the Illusions of the Existence,
where the Waiting,
of to reach at the row,
of the first Breathing,
was bargained by the Death,
who has bought my Life,
what has not even appeared yet,
on the stand of the Fair of Odds and ends,
of the Word of Creation,
which it will enliven me.

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2. Communication

You were so much,
Divine Light,
that I scolded,
my own Destiny,
which did not want to meet you,
then when the Sunrise,
it was weaving his cloak of clouds,
of the Questions without Answers
what will rain over the Glances,
which they will wash us,
the lead, of the Loneliness of the Words,
leading it towards the riverbeds of the Wrinkles,
of a Time,
cut by other Commas,
of the Illusions of the Life and Death,
which they will not block us again
the Communication,
with ourselves,
remaining lost,
in Eternity.

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3. Existentialism

Wandered among the Illusions of the Existence,
I tried to build to myself,
my own labyrinth of Dreams,
from which to I can no longer go out, never,
on the Way of the Illusions of the Life and Death,
predestined,
by the Universal Consciousness Mirror,
of the Primordial Event,
who was thinking at me, yet before,
of to Him create on the God,
of my face and my likeness Existentially,
whose Existentialism,
was materialized in the Cathedrals of Vices,
of the Thoughts,
on the walls of which,
are hung the Icons what cry,
of the Words,
so much mocked,

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by the cold and deserted Glances,
of the Streets of some Destinies,
what they never want to worship,
to the Absolute Truth,
but, only to the Absolute Illusions,
of a World,
which not even, does not exists,
as we know it.

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4. In the Loneliness of the Eternity

Then,
when I him built the God,
between the walls,
of His own World,
on which he created it,
trying to get rid of Him,
I did not know,
that actually I was building myself,
and on me too,
alongside Him,
being the creation of His Love,
on which I could no longer, to enliven her,
in the Loneliness of the Eternity,
on which the God has felt it,
before of to think the Word of Creation,
on which I was wandering my,
the abandoned Destiny,
in the arms of the Illusions of the Existence.

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5. And today same as always

The Roots of Dreams,
they started to break,
the cold and black asphalt of the Vanity,
in whose pits,
were impeded the Illusions of the Life,
of the Happiness, Suffering and Death,
which, they came immediately,
with the saws of the Meanings
from the Cemeteries of the Words,
to cut them off,
after which, they arranged them,
in piles of walking coffins,
what have we become,
alongside the corpses of the Hopes,
and today,
same as always.

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6. The engine of its own Time

The clouds of the Memories,
they begin to squeeze out the rain of the Years,
over the Thoughts, grizzled ,
of a Destiny,
which not been able
to repair his engine,
of its own Time,
then when was malfunctioned
and began to give misfires of Moments,
until,
has remained without any,
Alone and Stranger,
of he himself.

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7. The river of the Eternity

If we were not born,
the bridges that bind,
the Illusions of the Life with those of Death,
we would have stayed and now,
the river of the Eternity,
which is overflowing,
in its own Absolute Truth,
thus creating an Universe,
where God,
he no longer needed,
of, neither a face or likeness,
because we were He.

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8. Salty taste

I scattered,
on the slice greased with Thoughts of the Day,
a few Moments,
whose salty taste,
to remind me,
of the Primordial Sea of the Immortality,
where the Time was not even born,
as to make partitions for the Destiny,
the Illusions of the Suffering or Happiness, necessary
for the Lunch of the Vanity,
whose slaves we are,
until we are definitively assigned,
to the Illusion of Death.

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9. Wanted to give on the throat

I slipped,
through the Universe funnel,
with which he has poured,
in the cup of the Eternity,
the Moments,
God,
then when he wanted to give on the throat,
the alcoholic degrees of some Destiny,
only good to soften the Heart of the Time,
with the Birth of a new Suffering,
which will begin to breathe,
in the bodies of our Dust,
what became mud of Dreams,
in which were bogged down,
the heavy wheels of lead,
of the Thoughts.

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10. He has torn

Walls greedy
of, Illusions of the Life and Death,
fall hard and deep,
in the almost dry fountain,
of the Thoughts,
from which it took the Water of the Suffering,
the World
what seems that it has withdrawn,
of better of an Eternity,
in the Cemeteries of the Words,
from the Glances of an Existence,
which turned out to be of the Nobody,
then when he has torn,
with the claws of his Time,
the unique Cathedral,
where they came to worship,
the Angels of Love,
and which was proven,
to be ours.

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11. The sails of the Absurd

The Swords of the Clouds,
they began to slaughter,
the Eyes of Heaven, of the Sunset,
through which God,
he managed to look at us,
the wandered Souls,
in the Ocean, of Empty Words,
which stretched far beyond us,
those who navigate in the drift,
on the watercrafts, of the Illusions of the Life and Death,
the only ones which have maintained us at the surface of
the Existence,
where was blowing the harsh wind of the Vanity,
which swell us, the sails of the Absurd,
for to hurry us, the journey of the Birth of the Dreams,
toward Death.

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12. The existential Labyrinths

Of all the existential Labyrinths,
of the Illusions,
the most tortuous
seems to be the one of the Truth,
which us is unfolded,
by, the lattice of the Time,
non-existent in fact,
which pours us into the Cup of the Sufferings,
his own Passing,
what is an Illusion as great,
as it is Life and Death,
Happiness and Suffering.

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13. Baptized after the name of the Time

Pregnant days with Moments,
they go to give birth,
at the Maternity of the Illusions of the Existence,
assisted by the Destinies,
who steals them, each time, the newborns,
baptized after the name of the Time,
after they wrapped them,
with the Cloak of Our Souls,
which will them keep of warm,
on their way toward Death,
by following to abandon it,
through the Cemeteries of Words,
on where he has walked,
somewhere-sometime and God,
with the Creation of the World,
holding it in the leash,
lest to bite,
the Tears of the Future,
which have gathered yet since then,
in that Universe,
hot of so much Suffering.

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14. The Suffering of own Happiness

No matter how deep, we dig,
on the Mountain of the Illusions of the Existence,
we will never find,
a seed of Unique Truth and Absolute
among the veins of the blood hotheaded,
of the defective Genes,
which have stuck us
in the mud of the Original Sins,
which not only that do not belong to us,
but they are just as illusory,
as it is given to us,
the Necessity,
of to have more alcoholic stars,
than we need,
as to we enter into the alcoholic coma,
of the Winner,
so drunk,
after Wealth,
in a sick World,
by the existential greed,
of the Suffering of own Happiness.

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15. To keep us in shape

Crumbs, of Moments,
they stand scattered on the windowsill of the Illusions of
the Existence,
without to peck them,
no bird of some Destiny,
which torn us with the beak of Awareness,
the unborn Souls still,
for that these,
to can no longer defend themselves,
before of the Birth,
who has handcuffed them,
with the chains of the Dust
the Future,
from which we breathe us the portion of Time,
given by the guards of the Illusions of the Life and Death,
for to keep us in shape the Suffering,
in this World of the Vanity.

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16. The Acoustics of a World

The branches are grinded,
by the Windows of sky,
of the scratched Words,
on the crowded streets,
by the garbage,
of the latest Fashion, deafening
of the broken Eardrums,
from the Hearings of the Illusions of the Existence,
what have cried deaf,
after the Consciousness, of Self,
of some Eternity, of Moment,
which precisely is lost as so many others,
in the existential Nothingness of the Time,
which has to build,
the Acoustics of a World,
of the Nobody.

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17. Words Beasts

Advices, of Towers,
of the demolished Desires,
at the soles of the Existence,
which has extinguished its Sacred Fire,
of the Absolute Truth,
with it own Delusions,
leaving the thick and stifling smoke,
of the Illusions of the Life and Death,
it be seen, as far away as possible,
in the Universe of the Vanity,
in order to attract,
as many Destines,
thirsty of Sufferings,
in the jungle of a World,
of the Words, Beasts
which barely waits,
to tear the bloody flesh by Moments,
of the Time,
which it drain into the Dust,
what has incarnated to us,
the Memories.

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18. Toward the Eternity of the Death

The Lights and Shadows of the Feeling,
once they are washed with the water of the prides,
of the lattice and padlocks,
of the Illusions of the Life and Death,
are carried to the distaff of the Time,
who will weave, the garment of the Destiny,
embroidering her with Happiness and Sufferings,
on, at the sleeves and wrists,
of the Words, Passions,
on which we will carry them in the back,
the whole road,
toward the Eternity of the Death,
of a Memories,
of the Nobody.

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19. The Cup of the Fulfillments

We being betrayed by own time,
to the Illusions of the Life and Death,
we were handcuffed,
by the Loneliness,
with the keys heavy of lead,
of the Destinies,
which, they understood,
that we can escape anytime,
escalating the fence of the Original Sins,
if we are not tied to the chains of the Fear,
which let us to get closer,
by the Fount of the Dreams,
only so much that these,
they to not be able to fill us, ever,
the Cup of the Fulfillments.

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**20. The Lotteries of the Bad luck of the
Nothingness**

We were born,
in the Fair, of, Illusions,
from which we do not even know,
what we to choose,
because one is more beautiful than another,
on the stand of the Time of the Vanity,
to which come all sorts of Destinies,
to buy us the Suffering,
at a price of Nothing,
because the harvest of lost Moments,
of the births of Souls wasted,
through the Lotteries of the Bad luck of the Nothingness,
was bigger as ever,
still before of
the Creation of the World,
of our Consciousness.

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21. The Time of a God of the Nobody

We are an expired product,
of the Existence,
who decided,
it to throw us to the trash can,
of a Destiny,
who accepts any rejects,
with Defective Genes,
which can be recycled,
in the oven of the Suffering of a World,
of the Original Sins,
from which he eats with greed,
the Time of a God,
of the Nobody,
Past by His own Eternity of the Age,
of the Vanity.

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22. The Knots of the Illusions of the Existence

Dusty roads, of Words,
they are laid,
on forehead knotted with Expectations,
of the Illusions of the Death,
prepared any time,
to disentangle,
the Knots of the Illusions of the Existence,
in the own Cemeteries of Meanings,
from the tombs of the Ideas of which
we make us the tools of the Thoughts,
under the eaves of some Feelings,
which will not understand us Never,
the generosity with which we have ceded us,
the Eternities of the Moments,
to some Delusions.

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23. The Being of the Consciousness

Steps of light,
broken in the elbows,
by, the muddy roads,
of the Darkness,
in which we have incarnated,
the Being of the Consciousness,
that to we may make the pots and the kindling,
from the corpses of the Words,
swirled, so much,
on the table of the potter of the Sentiments,
until they get dizzy,
are unbalanced,
and they are falling, shouting for help,
in the abysses that do no longer end,
of the Ocean of the Absurd,
of this World.

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24. In the Dust of the Illusion

Truths emaciated by Meanings,
they stand rotted,
in the Consciousness of the Illusions of the Existence,
which, it inhumes them,
waiting to be transformed,
in the Dust of the Illusion,
from which to we incarnate us,
for to climb us into the carousel,
what seems, without stopping,
of the Time,
which will pass us,
over the Illusions of the Life and Death,
leaving us to believe that we are,
the Nothingness of an existential Nonsense.

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25. The deserted lesson of the Death

The divine regrets,
it break into the Horizons of the Creation,
who have fallen,
over the Dark Heaven of the Souls,
crushing them,
with the heavy lead of the Future,
which can no longer be lifted,
from the knees of melted wax of the Destiny,
for to support us the Time,
what has been destined us,
for to learn the deserted lesson,
of the Death.

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26. Were called, in help

We were scratched,
of, the ephemerality of a passing Moment,
on the face of the mutilated Word of the Creation,
by, the Time,
who robbed him of Eternity,
hitting him with so much power,
that they were called in help,
the Illusions of the Life and Death,
for as, the inanimate body,
of his Destiny,
it to can be incarnate in a Birth,
whose Life,
to can die in peace and quiet,
through us.

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27. From the ice of the Glances

The lattice of the Days,
they are watching us,
from behind the Curtains of Obese Words ,
what they barely can move,
on the interminable corridors of the lips,
on which is so cold,
such that, were lit up,
even and the Sacred Fires of the Feelings,
but in vain,
the glacial landscape of the Phrases,
it could no longer be dug never,
from the ice of the Glances,
which separated us,
from each other.

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28. The God of the Illusions of the Conscious

We are wandering through the Zodiac signs,
before we are born,
we understood,
how much do we need of a God,
of the Divine Light,
and then we built us, One,
after the image and likeness,
of the Absolute Truth of the Subconscious,
of the Stranger from us,
without we realizing us this,
and when we were forced to worship us Him,
we began to paint us the Icons of the Love,
on the walls of the souls,
which did no longer resonate with us,
because the Illusions of the Existence,
they showed us altogether another God,
of which we should have needed,
and, that one, was a God of the Illusions of the Life and
Death,
who has ignited the Fires of the Inferno,
or the Divine Light of the Paradises,
in the World of beyond,

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which we feel,
that it is not ours,
the same as and this one, in which we were born,
without knowing that we have reversed,
the image and likeness,
of the true God of the Subconscious Stranger,
of the Absolute Truth,
with the image and likeness,
of the God of the Illusions of the Conscious.

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29. Which are far away

Mirrors of Passions,
broken into shards of Vices,
in which we cut us,
the Meanings of the Words,
who bleeds,
over the faked Dreams,
of the Illusions of the Existence,
which shows us,
that we are the losers,
of the Passage of unforgiving Time,
of the Illusions of the Life and Death,
which are far away,
of to have ever existed,
truly,
alongside the Eternity of our Souls,
what, will find again his Star of the Eternity,
which will never know,
the vault of some Sky of the Death,
on which to fall,
in the arms of the Vanity.

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30. They are hitting each other

I felt how they beat,
the Hearts of the Words,
the Eternities of Moments,
which were lost,
wasted by the drunken Time of the Vanity,
by the degrees of the alcoholic stars of the Future,
which, it ruins,
over the pool tables of the Universe,
where the planets of the Smiles, cold and indifferent ,
of the Loneliness,
they are hitting each other,
to succeed to fall later,
in the black abysses of the Forgetfulness,
remaining winning, as each time,
the Death.

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31. Cardiology and ophthalmology

Touchups averse,
of the Illusions of the Existence,
they hurt the patterns of the Life and Death,
in the desperate cries,
of the Dogmatic False,
who looked itself for the first time in the Mirror,
of the Absolute Truth,
from which we have built us, Hearts of Dreams,
at the cardiology of the Love,
on which I have endowed her,
with a whole literature of the Poetry,
of the Eyes of Heaven, of yours,
at the ophthalmology of the Illusions of the Life and Death,
on which I have them seen too late,
for to consider them real,
in the hot blood of Defective Genes,
from our Dreams.

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32. The monstrous Cathedrals

I was so hurt,
by, the Eardrums of the Illusions of the Existence,
which want to hear,
only what the Illusion of the Life and Death wants,
so that I decided to build me,
the Dream of the Destiny,
on the Realm of a Time,
which has not succeeded, Never,
to truly understand,
the Moment of the Eternity,
from which it drinks and today,
the whole Sense of the Vanity,
of this World,
which masks us,
the Fountains of the Sufferings and Happiness,
from which it drink,
the Love of a God,

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on which, if we had not created Him,
He would have created us,
the Religion of the Absolute Truth,
what, would have killed us,
all the Lies of the Reality,
to whom we have them dedicated,
the monstrous Cathedrals,
of Hearts of the Crime,
and false icons of Memories.

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33. Wings of Sacred Fire

So many,
Lakes of Sweat of the Words,
of which neither God,
has not succeeded to fish anything else,
than the Vanity,
want to be drained,
by the lost Eternities of the Moments,
from which they have created their Destinies,
the Dignity,
of the Illusions of the Life and Death,
who were asking openly,
to can be killed, all,
the Truths,
what could gallivant with the Absolute,
of the Eternity,
from the Paradises of the Words,
which, they promised us,
Wings of Sacred Fire,
on which we to fly,
up to, the Star,
of, before our Birth,
to whom we ask,
not to be born us anymore,
Never.

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34. The Chances of the Moments

I was running,
over the drowned Days,
of the Illusions of the Existence,
from which I have created for me,
the Life and Death,
of the Destiny,
on which I held him in the antechamber,
of the Feelings,
until he learned what Love is,
compared to a God,
of the Eyes of Heaven,
of this World,
of the your Glance,
on which I had not him, Never,
because,
none of us,
we did not build him,
in the edifices of the Souls,
on which them have demolished,
the Chances of the Moments,
which they were lost,
in the Illusions of the Life and Death,
of a Time,
which was not ours,
Never.

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35. The Art of Seduction

I would have wanted to talk to the Words,
but I did not succeed,
because,
their Souls,
were closed,
in the cages where I held,
the ferocious animals of the Dreams and Hopes,
because we were not allowed to pass of the barrier,
placed above the Destinies,
by the Illusions of an Existence,
on the Realm of which,
we had to learn the Art of Seduction,
of the Illusions of the Life and Death,
which never knew,
they to make a Compromise,
with the Love,
on which God would have us promised her,
as being,
the Meaning of this World,
of the Vanity.

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36. Trying to repair them

None,
from the Flags of the Death Illusions,
can not be colored,
by the Happiness of the Illusions of the Existence,
because it would attract the Eternities of the Moments,
what they do not want to be lost,
in the Labyrinth of the Gods of some Destinies,
on which he never knew them,
the Stranger Subconscious,
of the Absolute Truth,
who has shipwrecked,
of, before to us be Born,
on, the Blood of our Defective Genes,
trying to repair them,
the Despair,
of to be predestined,
to the Loneliness of Self.

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37. The Chain of Sighs

We build an Entire Existence, of Illusions,
the Chain of Sighs,
of which we cling desperately,
the Hopes of the Passions,
trying we to pass by swim,
the Illusions of the Life and Death,
to which we them are indebted,
with a Decease, of the Consciousness of self,
in a wanton World of the Time,
who sent us the Eternities of the Moments,
they to prostitute,
at the brothel of the Destiny,
from which we to learn us the teachings,
of the Illusions of the Existence,
in the Paradise of the Inferno of the Nobody,
on which we build him,
to this World.

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38. The Word, Cruelty

God invented,
the Word, Cruelty,
much later after the one, of the Creation,
because only so, it is explained,
the unmeasured Love on which he has addressed her,
to the Illusions of the Life and Death,
whose patterns,
created by the Sufferings and Happiness,
of the Vanity,
do not let us, to we escape,
not even in the Cemeteries of Words,
on which we speak them,
our entire Illusion of the Existence,
on which we might to bury it,
to the soles,
of the Subconscious Stranger,
of the Absolute Truth,
from the Blood of our Defective Genes.

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39. Whose Icons of Words

I was so far away,
by me myself,
that the edge of the executioner Time,
was somewhere so down,
compared to the Wings of the Dreams,
that I could not observe,
not even the Halbert of Moments,
which was predestined,
to cut us,
the Sunrises of the Blood,
of the Defective Genes,
in equal portions,
from which to be served,
the Destiny of the Loneliness,
of a Cathedral of the Love,
whose Icons of Words,
no longer are kissed,
by none of us.

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40. The Steps of the Bullets of Amnesia

Chains of Illusions of the Existence,
have handcuffed the Consciousness of the World,
for fear that they might create another God,
than the one of the Life and Death,
from which they draw their sap,
the Original Sins,
from whose lead,
we have successfully created us,
the Steps of the Bullets of Amnesia,
which kill us,
the Eternities of the Moments,
from whose flesh, is feed,
the Vanity.

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41. Averse

We were created,
we to build through God's Self,
the Illusions of the Life and Death,
which to feed the World,
in the ensemble of her Vanity,
which became us umbrella,
then when, we were rained,
by the Original Sins,
from the Defective Genes,
of a Destiny,
more or less,
averse.

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42. Confusion

We run,
an entire Illusion of the Life,
through the grains of the Knowledge,
believing that we will knead from they,
the dough of the Truth,
on which we often confuse him,
with the Illusions of the Existence,
which leaves us so hungry,
after we feed us with them,
that we get to see a rescue,
in the Illusions of the Death.

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43. The Icons of the desolate tears

We will never be,
more than an Illusion,
who allows itself to dream,
at the Steps of the Evolution,
of the Defective Genes,
from the broken Blood,
of the Original Sins,
who seeks Him,
on the created God,
by these,
what looks at us amazed,
from the Icons of the desolate tears,
of the Vanities,
which give us one more chance,
on our way,
toward Nowhere.

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44. Gives Sense to this Existence

The only Truth,
on which we feel him,
but we do not know him,
in its essence,
is the Love,
which relies,
in this World,
on, the Illusions of the Life, Happiness,
of the Sufferings and Death,
from which we draw us,
the existential sap,
who gives Sense,
to this Existence,
of the Original Sin.

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45. Deformed lenses

Killed by Loneliness,
God,
he wanted to we exist,
on the Genes of the Horizon of the Love,
which to open us, always
the Eyes of Heaven, of the Endlessness,
from the Hearts of Dreams,
which to vibrate,
alongside the Universe of the Divine Light,
which and now is,
only in us,
with all his grandeur,
on which we can not observe it,
due to the Original Sins,
of the Defective Genes,
which obliges us,
to we look,
only through, the glasses,
with deformed lenses,
of the Illusions of the Existence.

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46. As being the own Body

God,
escaped from his hand,
the magic Wand of the Existence,
falling down on the cold and unwelcoming asphalt,
of the Nightmare,
with Defective Genes and Original Sins,
what gave birth to the Vanity,
of this World,
of the Illusions of the Life and Death,
from which we are obligated,
to we extract us, the sap,
believing that we are heading,
toward a Hope,
which sparkled,
through the mud of the Dust,
in which we have incarnated,
our prison,
by all the Days,
on which we are aware,
as being the own Body.

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47. Purpose

I have passed,
the hand of the Destiny,
through the hair of the Dream,
of this Existence,
who struggles,
to be plowed, the Misunderstood,
of the Illusions of the Life and Death,
from whose soil,
will rise,
the our own Conscience,
which will feed,
the sublime steps of the Happiness,
in the wonderful dance,
of the Divine Light,
in which to we bathe us,
the Purpose.

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48. The Sins of a God

Zodiac signs released,
from the bodies without vigor,
of the Destinies,
they wandered through the darkness of the Universe,
of an Idea,
whose belief,
has become the Absolute Truth,
of the Sins of a God,
which we will never know Him,
because it has nothing in common,
with our image and likeness,
besides of the Defective Genes,
of the Original Sins,
which have built us,
the World of the Vanity.

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49. The lost elixir

Drops of Memories,
fall on the inert cement of the Dawn,
which, they it break,
in the Blood of the Remoteness,
from my own Self,
which is overflowing, continual,
in the Heart of the Time,
lonely and forsaken,
by, its own Eternities of Moments,
who have taken the secrets of the Hopes,
in their Sentimental luggage,
as to wander through the Universe,
in search of the lost elixir,
of the Love.

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50. Behind the walls of the Nothingness

Thorns of the Days,
have pierced the Time,
making him to bleed,
Moments wasted,
on the forehead wrinkled by the Regrets,
of a Memories,
because it makes, to sound,
the heavy chains of the Years,
among the lattice,
of the Illusions of the Life and Death,
which, they hold us,
behind the walls of the Nothingness,
the Existence.

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51. The bivalent Consciousness

Realities
of cardboard soaked,
at the Water of the Illusions of the Existence,
they crush the Bones of the Words,
for to boil them,
in the existential soup of the Knowledge,
on which they serve it daily,
at the table of the cunning Time,
who promised them that will pay them,
Moments of Absolute Truth,
which no longer exists,
even of before,
of to build the World,
at the floor of this Hospice,
of the bivalent Consciousness,
of Good or Evil,
Beautiful or Ugly,
of the man.

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52. The Chasm of the Absolute Truth

It does not exists Conscience,
which can be aware of,
the Knowledge,
without the lattice which to sift,
the Truth from the Lying,
process reversed by the Illusions of the Existence,
which sell us the Vanity,
packed in a Victory,
of the Evolution of the Spirituality,
of which, we hang us the Hopes,
lest they to collapse,
in the open chasm,
of the Absolute Truth,
which shows us,
the deep Abyss,
which are we.

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53. On the bridge of the Passing

No matter how much,
would pedal the Time at Days,
the wheels of the Destinies,
they will spin only in the Sense,
of the Illusions of the Existence,
reaching only to the destination,
desired by these,
on the Realm of the Death,
without being able to overcome,
not even with a glitter, of a falling star,
the Life on which he represented a,
on the bridge of the Passing,
which unites,
the Birth with Death.

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54. Of, a criminal Hand

How verisimilous,
may be the Step,
made by man,
for he to become self-aware,
if the Illusions of the Existence,
they shows him only the traces tasteless and rotten,
found in the Defective Genes,
of the broken Blood,
of, a criminal Hand
do not know whose Destiny,
who has condemned him,
to the Original Sins,
without as the one concerned,
to be broken,
any bottle of existential champagne,
on the walls of any Spiritual Cathedral,
I do not know whose,
which to ask us for the Salvation,
by we ourselves?

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55. Through the multitude of Meanings

Happiness just like Suffering,
are a game of inflamed ankles,
of the Illusions of the Existence,
who want us,
Players of Dreams of the Vanity,
in the Match of the Life,
with Death,
which wins,
every time,
the Souls of the Absurd,
on which we are obliged to live them,
by the Destinies,
of the Non-Senses, existential,
on which God has thought them,
through the multitude of Meanings of the Knowledge.

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56. Dry Mouths

I never understood,
why am I,
so many unbelievers,
who refuses to worship,
at the Icons of the Words,
which, they promise us,
that they will bring us,
the very coveted, rain of Happiness,
in the Dry Mouths,
of the Illusions of the Existence,
which, they have no more sipped,
the Water of the Absolute Truth,
still beforehand of the Birth of the World.

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57. Very Little

Scrap of Hopes,
they stand thrown,
in the dumpsters of the Vanity,
of a World,
on which they have succeeded,
Very Little,
to save her,
by the Anguish and Absurd,
of the Illusions of the Existence,
which, they wanted,
as all the Cemeteries of the Words,
to belong only to the Illusions of the Happiness,
such that,
the Souls to find their fulfillment,
only in Death,
and certainly not in Life.

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58. The Nothingness, that builds us

The Illusions of the Existence,
were the ones,
which they lit us up,
the Sacred Fire of the Consciousness,
in the Dust of the Bodies,
which are haunted,
and now,
by the frost of the Existential Non-Sense,
orphan by a World,
of the Absolute Truth,
on which, if we knew him,
we would realize,
the Nothingness, that builds us,
the Dream of the Life,
and it would not be better.

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59. In the distaff of the Dreams

Of before of the Illusion of the Time,
it has not existed,
nor the Awareness,
of the Beginning or of the Ending,
which they were, lacking,
by the Horizon of an Universe,
to whom it will belong,
with her good and evil,
the Eternity or Death,
and the Star of our Destiny,
still not was shining,
on the vault of some Knowledge,
as to be able to exist,
in the distaff of the Dreams,
spun by the Illusions of the Existence.

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60. Under the Steps of Fire

In the remoteness,
of end, of World,
where I was waiting you, Memory,
I have fallen,
in the chasm of the Regrets,
whose leaves,
of falling Moments,
they rustled the rust of the Past,
under the Steps of Fire,
of the Day, of tomorrow,
who started,
still from now,
to burn me,
with her Loneliness.

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61. Than all the Sins

We have tasted the Divine Light,
each other,
in a Kiss of the Eternity,
throwing us the Illusions of the Existence,
beyond the fences of the Compromises,
who have Born the World,
without any price,
then when it was put on sale,
by, the vileness, of the Defective Genes,
of a God,
more sinful,
than all our Original Sins,
together.

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62. Hidden Cemeteries

I resisted every time,
when have collapsed,
the Cathedrals of the Happiness,
of the God so stranger of us,
that its Icons,
have become wandering craft,
on the Realm of a World of beyond,
where the Illusions of the Existence,
they would have wanted to give birth,
in continuation,
to the Paradise of the Inferno,
on which we have built it,
with so much sweat of Moments,
in hidden Cemeteries,
of the Words,
of our love.

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63. Walls of Words

Since we have built us the Life,
in the walls of the Original Sins,
for that they may not raining us with Absurd,
we thought we could escape,
by the sharp edges of the Life,
which have sliced us the Eternities of the Moments,
in Vanities,
only good to put,
on the Bread of the Illusions of the Existence,
which hurt us,
the Orgies of the hungry Time,
of incarcerating of the Walls of Words,
which have born us,
the Death.

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64. Weeds of Expectations

The Dogs of the Days barked us,
so much,
the Fences of the Illusions of the Existence,
that the Cemeteries of Words,
have become careful,
at the corpses of the Hopes,
which them receive,
through the tombs of the Dreams,
what could it bring,
epidemics of Existential Non-Sense,
to the Illusions of the Life and Death,
which have made their prayer Cathedral,
through the herbs of the Vanity,
grown on at the corners,
of the Weeds of Expectations,
of a Time, which became ill,
by own Moments.

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65. Butcher of the sick Consciousness

Coffins of Words,
they lead the deceased Consciences of the Glances,
toward the Water of the Vultures of Meanings,
which it drain,
through the blood of the Sunsets,
of the our Genes Defective,
whose claws of Horizons,
grab the flesh,
of the bloody Future,
of the Vanity of a World,
on which we will never know,
who Butcher of the sick Consciousness,
he chose it for us.

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66. The Moments of your Time

No matter how many Clouds of Smiles,
indifferent or opaque,
would rain,
over the Illusions of my Existence,
from the Word Love,
from which God claimed,
that he would have built this World,
you need to know that I will always have,
the umbrella of the own Illusions of the Existence,
from which I will dig,
the Life and Death,
of the Moments,
of your Time.

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67. The Hearts of the Eternity

I climbed me,
on the ivy of your Glances,
until I was able to understand,
which God,
pour for thee the Water of Life,
in the pitcher of the Illusions of the Existence,
that you to bloom,
so beautiful,
on the Realm of the Words of a Love,
on which courted it,
even and the Paradise of the Angels of the Sacred Fire,
which have kindled the Hearts of the Eternity,
only for us.

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68. The virgin Moments of the Consciousness

Wounded by the Illusion of the Existence,
at the soles precarious of the Meanings,
I tried to call in help, the Time,
of the virgin Moments of the Consciousness,
in which I believed,
like in a Cathedral,
of bleeding Hearts,
of the Days,
which then,
they betrayed me,
and they are draining,
on the Wrinkled Face of the World of Beyond,
as soon as I was,
on the Water of the Passing,
between the Horizon of the Life,
and that of the Absolute Truth of the Death,
whose fangs,
were bloody by the Love,
on which I had cast them it,
in the pot of their own Vanities,
to our years.

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69. Pawned on nothing

And how many Truths,
they would have ended,
under the sharp blades of the Time,
of the your Soul,
who has cut my any attempt,
of to rehabilitate the Star of the Eternity,
of the our only destiny,
of the Love,
on which they sold him the butchers of the Forgetfulness,
at the corner of the street of the lost Memories,
which have been pawned in their turn,
to the Vanity,
on nothing.

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70. I will Absolve them, of any Blame

When I discovered to thee,
the memory of the defective genes,
of the Illusions of the Existence,
I wanted to be myself,
your Original Sins,
on which I will Absolve them for you,
of any Blame,
of the unforgiving Time,
with the Eternities of the Moments,
which we deserved them,
so much from the Destiny,
that, till and, the God,
and he sent the Angels of Love,
to help thee to pass together with me,
over Life and Death.

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71. Autograph on Life

Being hidden,
among trenches of the Time,
we tried to face,
the weapons of the Eternity,
who they wanted to drown us,
with the Moments,
through which the Tears of the Future,
they have wiped us the Love,
of the Angels,
on which I caught them,
at the Lottery of the Destiny,
entreating them to give us,
an Autograph on Life,
without we know,
that this one represented the Imprint,
of the Predestination,
of our own Death,
of the Separation,
of ourselves.

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72. The tree of your Dreams

I was so much Root,
from the tree of your Dreams,
that, I felt,
that you are my whole Universe,
springing from the Star of the Destiny,
which is only ours,
no matter how many Eternities,
of Illusions of the Existence,
would have traveled,
up to the Hearts of the Moments,
who have dressed us,
with the Absolute Truth,
of the Love,
the Eternity.

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73. So we have decided

When we have built us,
the Divine Light,
of the Windows of Heaven,
of the Glances,
We did not know how much,
God has loved,
the World of the Eyes on Horizons,
on which we were trying to catch them,
on the endless wings,
of the Illusions of the Existence,
until we stopped us,
weary of ourselves,
at the Fountain of the Separation,
from which we tried to drink,
the Water of the Loneliness,
which drowned us so profound,
so we have decided,
to we stay,
together,
we feeling that we Love.

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74. The Menopause of the Moments

The world is an excess of zeal,
of the Menopause, of some Moments,
which, they wanted to be,
at the height of the Life,
on which Death has made it,
to the measure and occupation,
of its Past,
which she circumscribed him,
to an Eternity,
which has never been,
circumcised,
by Destiny.

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75. Our Absolute Truth

I was so sick,
through the Moments of the Days of your Destiny,
which has not received nor a visa,
for to pass you,
by the Oceans of Happiness,
that the Moments,
of the Illusions of my Existence,
they searched for your Past,
through all the Fallen Horizons,
of the Moments,
until they have found you,
as they to embrace you,
with the Eternity of the Soul,
who will no longer leave you,
Never,
as long as we will sail shipwrecked,
through the Blood of the Subconscious Stranger,
of our Truth,
Absolute.

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76. Secrets of, Death and Life

It was snowing,
over the Tears of the Separation of the Words,
with Longing frozen,
on which we have skated together,
the Eternities of the Moments,
on which we have clothed them,
Unconscious,
of, the Illusions of the Existence,
whose Secrets,
of Death and Life,
they became our Eternities,
on which we would not have wanted,
to sell them Never,
to the Vanity,
of the World
on which none of us,
we have not created it.

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77. The Knives of the Time

Then when we slept,
through the hay of the Memories,
from the Moments that have boiled us,
the Blood cut,
by the Knives of the Time,
on which the Destinies,
they have no longer sharpened them,
at the Gate of the Eternity,
on which we were about to open broadly,
for the Illusions of the Existence,
from which we wanted to make ourselves,
enough of many Kisses,
on which the World,
to carry them,
on the back of the Eternity,
of beyond of our own,
Birth.

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